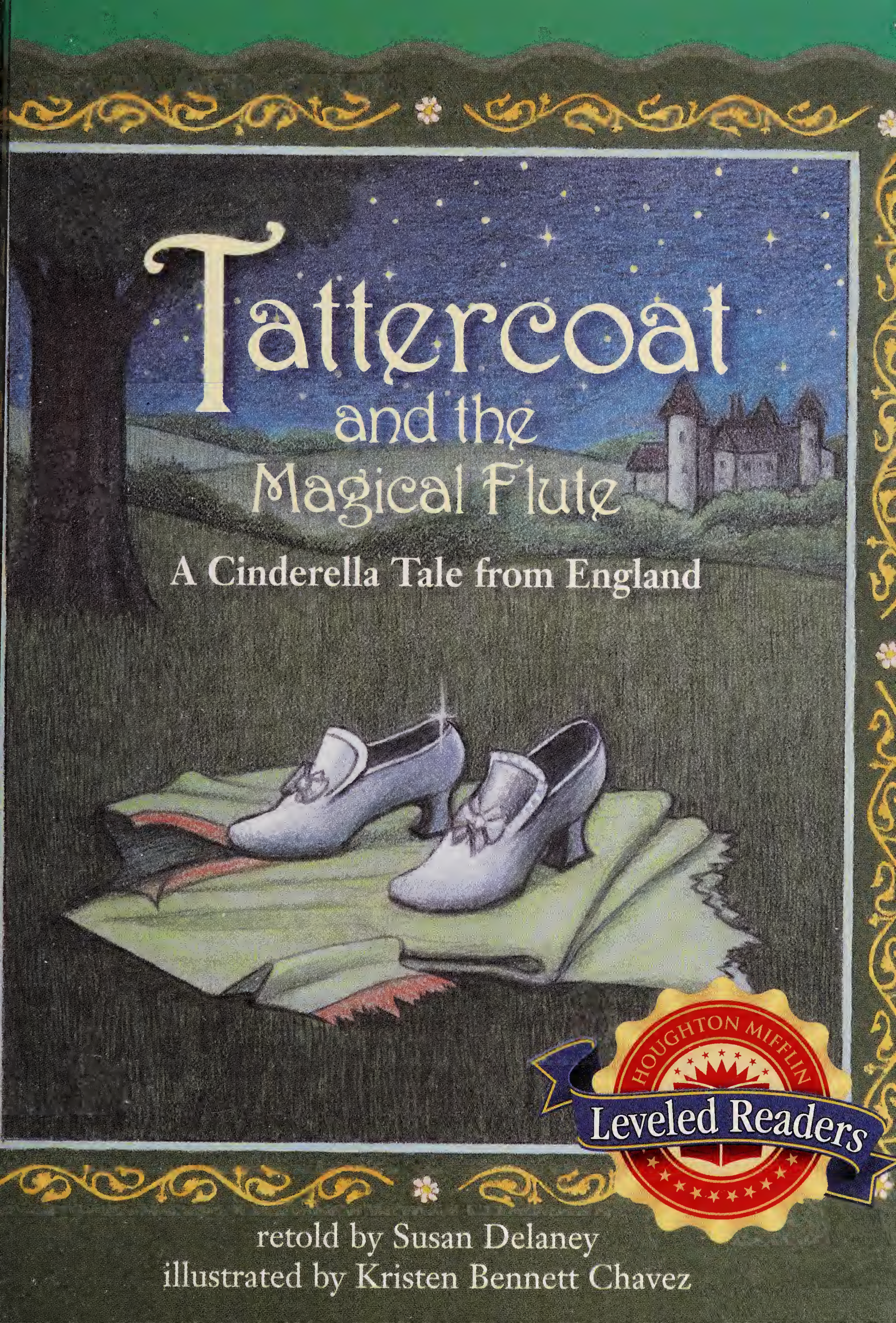
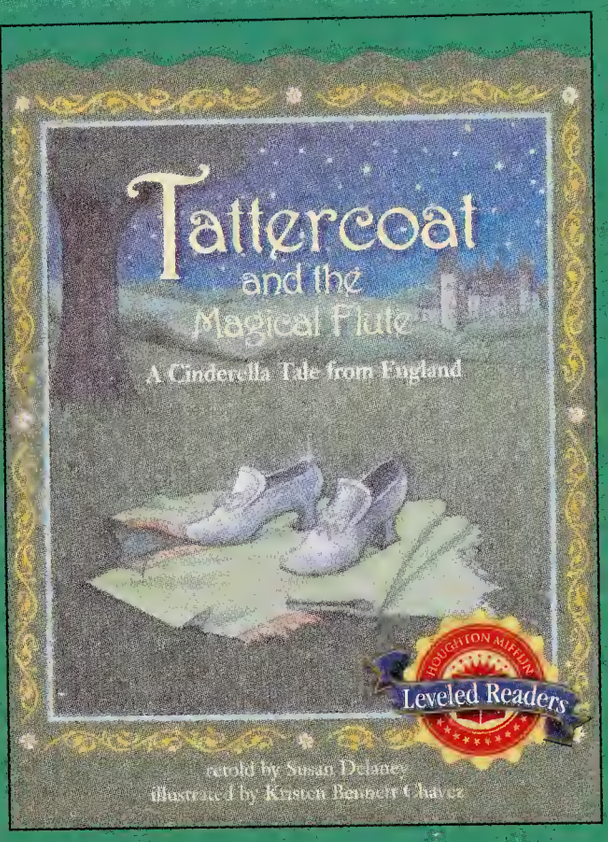


retold by Susan Delaney
illustrated by Kristen Bennett Chavez



Strategy Focus

This story is about a girl named Tattercoat. The story teaches a lesson. As your read, think of **questions** to ask about the lesson of the story.

Number of Words: 695

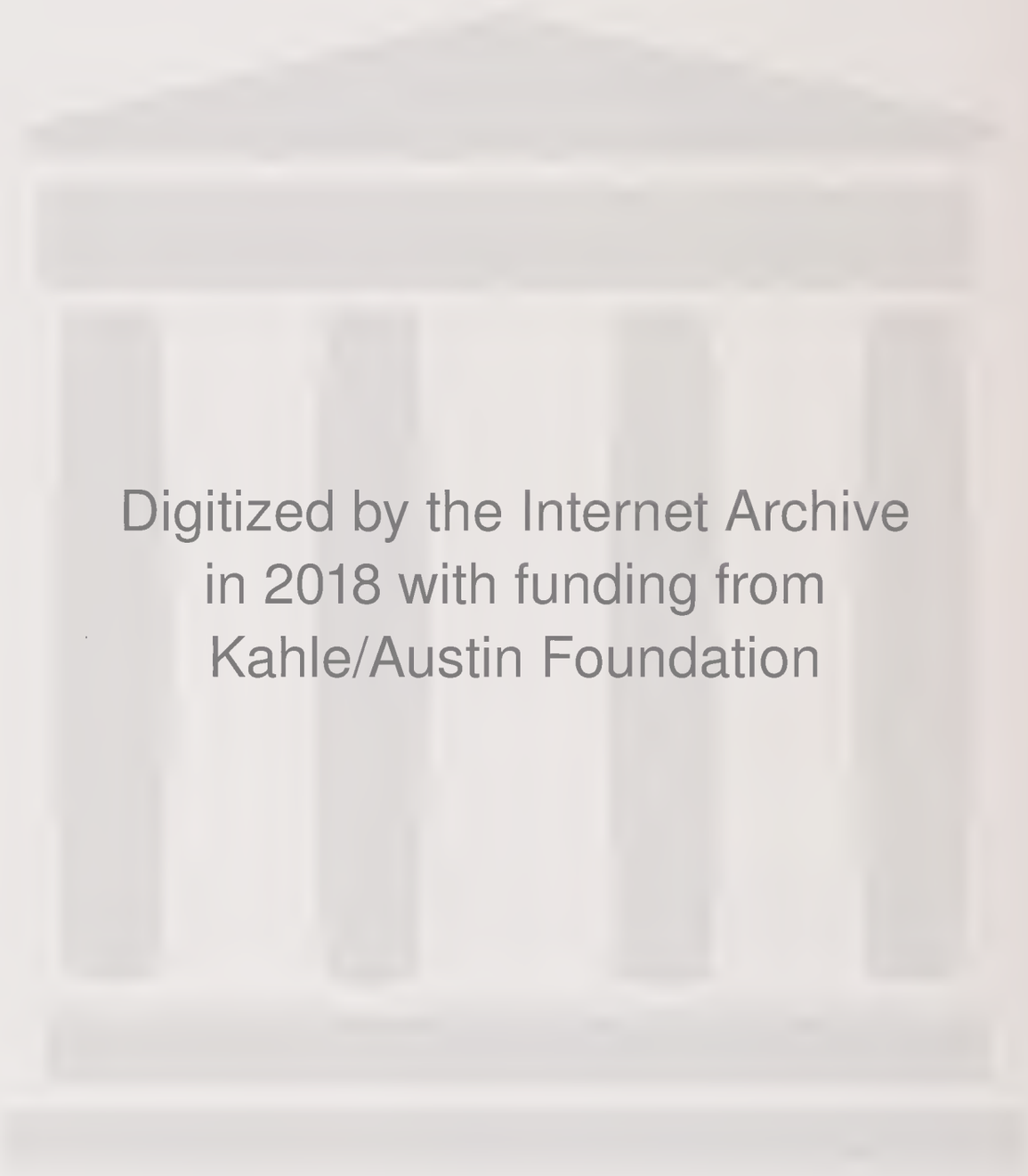
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

Tattercoat and the Magical Flute

A Cinderella Tale from England

retold by Susan Delaney
illustrated by Kristen Bennett Chavez

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN BOSTON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I once knew a very happy family. They loved to sing and dance and laugh. I played my flute in the hills and watched them dance. Their happiness made me smile.

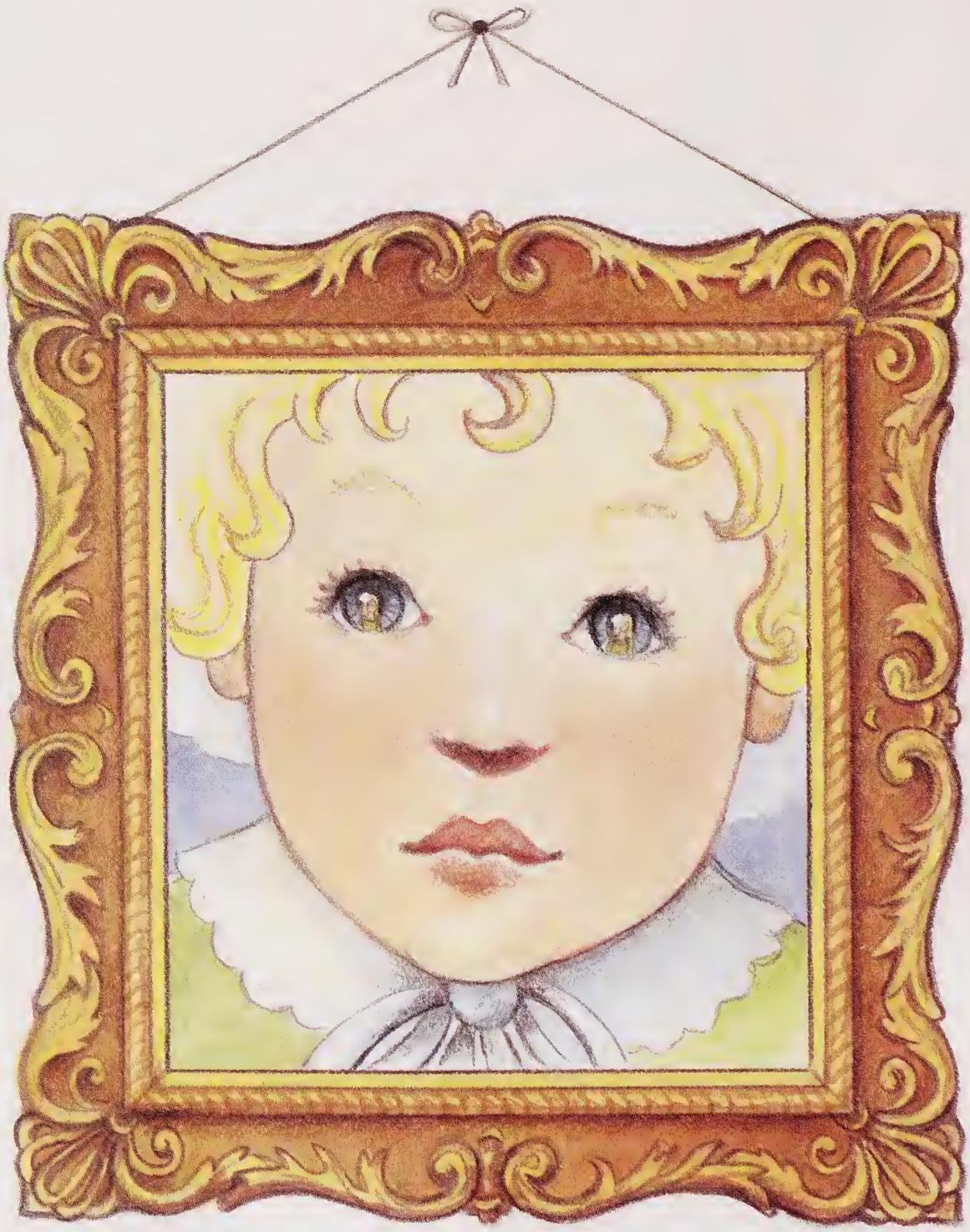
Then things changed, as they always do.

The daughter in this family grew up and married a young lord. A year later, the daughter became a mother when she had a baby girl.

Soon after the baby was born, the mother became sick and died. The happiness in the family died too.

Then the young lord had to go to battle. He was sad to leave his baby, but he left her with her grandparents. "Take care of my little girl," the young lord said to them. He cried as he kissed his baby goodbye.

The grandparents did not love the baby. When they looked at her, they thought sadly of their own daughter who had died. They had no room in their hearts for love.



As the little girl grew up, the grandparents asked the servants to take care of her. The servants had their own children. They had no time or love to give to the girl. They treated her badly.

The servants called the little girl Tattercoat. They gave her this name because her coat was torn and ragged. Tattercoat ate old bread and cheese. Her bed was on the cold stone floor.

Tattercoat was not angry. She had a good heart. She did what the servants told her to do and never complained.

Every evening, she went walking in the hills behind the house. That is when I first heard her crying.

That is when I became Tattercoat's one true friend.

Time passed and Tattercoat grew up. She became a beautiful young woman.

One day, Tattercoat said to me, "There is a big dance at the king's castle tonight. I wish we could go. I imagine that the ball would be magical, just like the music from your flute."

"Yes," I agreed. "Maybe if we stand outside the castle, we can hear the music through the windows." We began the long walk to the king's castle. I played my flute for Tattercoat. She was happy.

Then a young man on a gray horse rode up to us. He stopped and asked, "May I walk with you? I have come a long way and would like some company."

The young man and Tattercoat talked and laughed as they walked to the castle. I had never seen Tattercoat look so happy. I stayed behind them and played my flute.

When we stopped outside the castle, the young man asked Tattercoat, "Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir. I am sorry. I don't know who you are," said Tattercoat.

"I am the prince, the king's son," he said. "I want you to come to my father's dance. I must see you again. Please come!"

Tattercoat smiled and her eyes brightened. "Yes, I will come," she said.

The prince rode away on his horse. He shouted, "I will see you tonight!"

When the prince was gone, Tattercoat looked at her old coat. "Why does the prince like me?" she asked. "How could he like a girl in rags?"

I did not tell Tattercoat that my flute is magical. When I played my flute, the prince could not see her torn coat. He could only see the goodness in her heart.

Before the ball, Tattercoat rested next to a tall tree. While I played my flute, she went to sleep. "Wake up, Tattercoat," I said. "Look at your clothes now."

Tattercoat's torn coat was gone. She now wore an elegant blue dress. There were silver shoes on her feet.

"Oh! I look like a princess!" she said. She wondered if she was dreaming.

We went to the dance. The prince took Tattercoat's hand. He led her to his mother and father. "This is Tattercoat," he said. "No one in the world is kinder or more loving than she. If she accepts, I would like to marry her."

Tattercoat and the prince danced all night. Soon after, they were married.

Even now, I play my flute in the hills, and they live happily ever after.

Think About the Selection

1. Who tells the story?
2. What parts of this story could not happen in real life?
3. Do you think Tattercoat's life is better or worse after she meets the boy who plays the flute? Why?
4. What was your favorite part of this story? Why?

Making Connections This story is a fairy tale. Think of another story you know that is a fairy tale. How are the two stories alike?

4.3.

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